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Choice Poetry.

THE CHILD'S PLAYHOUSE.

BY ANN PRESTON.

Who has not been a child and smile
A playhouse 'neath the trees?
And who so old but gazeth long
When passing one of these?

I saw one in a cool, green nook
Anon a cottage wall.
Built cunningly, with many rooms,
And arranged with pebbles small.

Bright little hands had built those walls,
And swept the moss floors,
And stuck, across the openings tall,
Wild grasses curled—the doors.

On cheery chairs, which oft would fall,
Were tenantcrs rare, I wean.
The broken dishes graced them
In blue, and red and green.

The golden hair of childhood's morn
While pacing round me came
And fragrance from its fair sweet cheeks
Swept, heaven-like, o'er my name.

One name I trod the green mossed look
Where, amid a school-house rose,
From two score urns its wild flowers,
And called it "talking tree."

We played one morning, after noon,
And I was greeted there,
And such mark greatly we were
Our serene Quaker air.

But then who put on manors are
And paired the "mother" fine,
The merriest hearts within me
Now wakeneth not with men.

Those two whose dark eyes proudly beamed
The queenliest of the land,
Mid summer toils, hand in hand,
Into the quiet pass.

Those names will their little cheeks
Nurse some misery lay
While of their sweet days passed on them
For I, the weaker, stay.

Oh, earth would be one funeral pile
And I but a thing of woe,
If beauty did not live for age
And God and love remain!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DISCARDED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND HER LOVERS," "SOUTHWOLD," &c.
"THE DOWAGER DAUGHTER,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FOUNDLING NURSERY.

"To cherish
Where else a cheaper than the world, whose
Best nurseries
Are all the wrongs of the best."

Shakspeare.

When Archer Clifton saw that all indeed was over, when he looked upon that mother-face, the first shock had over melt his consciousness in life, but the next moment, that which seemed to him normal with her being, and a necessary part of it, that face the most intimate, the most loved, the most confided in, and all that ever shone upon his path of life—and all that ever could shine upon it—the light of those quiet eyes was darkened forever, the sound of that kind voice silenced forever, the smile of cheering faith and love was fled, he clasped that mother-hand, and felt that those dear fingers would either stir in response to his grasp never, never more—all, when he felt that all was over, that she was dead, that she had left him, he fell upon his knees by the corpse, dropped his head upon the cold, manifestly beauty, and broke into a passion of tears.

Weeping freely, Catherine knelt by his side, and put her arms around his neck. He was unconscious of her presence, and after giving way to sorrow for a few moments, she lifted up her head, and wiped her eyes, and composed her own emotion, sought to console him.

"Do not grieve so, dear Archer," she murmured, with her mouth close to his ear, "do not grieve so, dearest love, it is not grieving, but pray."

Then Archer suddenly grew calm, unclasped the gentle arms of Catherine from his neck, arose slowly from his kneeling posture, took her hand, and looked upon her face, and regarding her with a stern and sorrowful countenance, said, in severe rebuke,

"Come! madam! no more hypocrisy, now. None here at least! It is useless to-day! You have done your work of death. You are a successful diplomatist, and your long ambition is at last crowned."

Catherine lifted her eyes, dilated with sorrow and amaze-ment, and fixed them on his face astonished; but like that she soon checked the astonishment of mingled suffering and serenity, such as might have accompanied the hour of Heaven, when the feelings of the man and the duty of the judge ensure in his bosom, avoid her into silence before him. She seemed to comprehend, but not to answer his explanation. The old shyness and fear came over her, and left her silent, and her eyes cast-ed. Again to spoke in the same stern, reserved tones,

"Are, come with conscious guilt! You are discovered! And you should have been astonished to hear of your death, if it did not wish to embellish her last moments that only sained you! Come! leave the room that contains the remains of my mother. Leave me alone with my dead!"

But instead of obeying, she stood like a statue before him.

Then he took her hand and led her through the door, and closed it behind her.

Catherine stood there where he had placed her, amazed, mystified, confounded, with a step forward, until the thought of practical duties, more pressing upon her, gave her strength, and she passed on to summon those she knew she was to prepare the dead for burial. But amid all the mystification she had clearly seen that Archer, with her hand upon the lock, she hesitated, and then, with her hand upon the lock, she hesitated, and finally stifling her crying want, turned away, saying within herself—"No, I will not intrude, I will be guided by the spirit, and will not force love. To yield him perfect unquestioning obedience, and he will come to me again. I have him. And she began to retrace her steps.

Major Clifton came out of the back room and met her face to face.

"What were you doing now that door, Catherine?"

"I wished to take a last look at her dear—Her Kate, burst into tears and wept convulsively a few moments during which, Clifton watched her to them restore. Then confiding herself, she said,

"I wished to look once more, and for the last time, upon her beloved face. But when I reached the door, and was about to enter, I remembered your commands and turned back."

Clifton, who had never taken his eyes from her face, heard it, was from Major Clifton, and said gladly,

"Catherine, if any feeling of penitential sorrow inspires your wish to go there, go, in Heaven's name! And may the sight of that dear face bring you to repentance."

She turned to thank him, and ask him, what he wished her to repent—but before she could find words, he had re-entered his study. Catherine paused into the room of death, turned down the pall, and gazed upon the face of the dead. It had changed very much—every future and every wrinkle was softened out of it, the face head was as smooth as the brow of childhood—so ineffable, a divine repose spread like a halo around it. Under the influence of this, Catherine's tears were stayed, the convulsiveness of her bosom were calmed, her soul was awed and exalted as she gazed upon this countenance, so beautiful in death. But at last her full heart revealed itself in a look of unutterable tenderness and devotion, and she murmured, in low, slow, gentle tones, as if she were afraid to wake the sleeper, and let your dear sake, I will be a guilt with to your son. Lest whatever he may be to you, for your dear sake, as well as for his own, I will be a good wife to him. Hear my vows—I swear that you have heard. This will be my soul-ful, calm clay. But I know your spirit hovers near. Hear my vow. Hear me promise, with God's grace, to dedicate all my faculties of brain, and heart, and hands to his interest and happiness to bear all things, to endure all things, to hope all things, even to the end of time, come what may; she stooped and kissed her son by a farewell kiss upon the brow and lips of that beloved face, and reverently covered it up—and—not to abuse her privilege by too long a stay—slowly left the room. She never saw that face again.

Within an hour all-wards, the company began to assemble in great crowds, for Mrs. Clifton was a widely known and greatly respected and beloved. The clergyman, who was to perform the burial service, arrived, and the assemblage commenced. In the meantime Catherine sat in her distant chamber, listening to the funeral bell—the solemn sound of the hammer—that reached her from afar, or else engaged in prayer, but always calmed, strengthened and consoled. Many people at the funeral were deeply grieved; why the young bride had not appeared with her husband, but Catherine soon explained it to be because she was too much overcome by grief, and could not go down. And it was a fact, which was at once believed, and circulated. And that—like many an other like falsehood—satisfactorily answered conjectures. When the service was over, and the funeral procession had left the house for the grave-yard, Major Cuthbert-vine felt that her mote than mother was now indeed gone, gone, gone—and gave herself up to her grief with her agony of sorrow.

Little household cares. What blessed though trouble instead of them! Are they not gently drawing away the mourner from the contemplation of her grief, and compelling attention to themselves. So they give occupation, and induce forgetfulness—asking to their trouble was only a temporary relief—and that but for a short space in bitter tears and woe, and then the little domestic duties came to her relief, and like little children, claiming her care. There was a large supper to be prepared, and bedchambers to be made ready for the friends who came from the remoter parts of the county, and who would remain until the next morning. And so Catherine arose and refreshed herself with cold water and a clean dress, and went below stairs to superintend the operations of her cook and house-maids.

There everything was in confusion, she went into the drawing-room, where she received the returning visitors with a pensive, gentle dignity, which won for all their sympathy and the kindness of rank as they were. And that evening, after the supper was served, and the tea poured out at the head of the long table, filled with the county aristocrats, with all the east and grace of a lady to the manner born, she was pronounced by one eminent thought and purpose she never ceased to be herself—herself in every of her duties, her ranks, or troubled herself with the question of what might be their opposite views of her. For in her quiet bosom the graceful and dignified, because it was natural, and not assumed—there was a consciousness of power and self-trusting, and not of pride, vanity, or ostentation.

The next morning, after breakfast, the guests began to depart. And many were the kind invitations to their houses extended to Catherine by the ladies, and the gentlemen, and the old and sacredness of caste. Catherine received all these courtesies with a gracious politeness, that was neither cold nor warm, but just that which the very coldest esteem and respect of her neighbors, and the kindness of a mother-in-law could have received them, would be highly gratified the pride of Major Clifton, should anything exist in the heart of Catherine to excite pride, calculating on the position of the mistress of Clifton-house.

But there are duties as well as dignities attaching the position of the mistress of a large house, and Catherine soon found that had arisen to strangely between them.

He broke the silence by saying coldly,

"Mrs. Clifton—" She started and colored, at hearing herself addressed to her new name—"Mrs. Clifton, I am about to go to my study, to attend to some business that has arisen in my absence. If you should have to ask me anything, you will please to send for me there."

"I obey! You have been and you are—Mrs. Clifton!"

"Are. Mercedes Heaven's sake! I shall have said it correctly—to be sure—"

"Do you desire to ask me?"

"Well—will not—no—I—I—no—no, I remember my last duty—and will not. What can I do to comfort you?"

"Said I had—a-thain from troubling me with unnecessary, or conversation, when it is not absolutely necessary. Again and again I say—Mrs. Clifton!"

And she turned herself from her clasp, and left the room.

Catherine stood and still into a chair, her head dropped upon her hands and she pondered.

"All-cruel! Father, do not torture me now, for no desolate—I am desolate—And she was left alone, father, the very husband and sister abandoned. She sat there until the evening shadows began to gather, and entered the room, came up to her side, and spoke very much before she heard—then—

"Mrs. Clifton!"

"I am—Please to manage, to-day, without my office. I—I am not well—and very sad."

"You ask to, indeed, madam. There is a letter in the study, which will you go and there as the down, and let me bring you a cup of tea?"

"No, I thank you—I am not obliged—you. But only leave me here to rest."

The messenger went and stirred the dull fire, and left her, for, of a moment, between it and Clinton's seat, and quietly withdrew.

"Oh, he will never do!" said Catherine, trying to raise herself from her stupor of despair. She will never do. To-day I have made a-a beginning—but to-morrow I can not be active and efficient as if I were happy."

She met Major Clifton again at dinner. The ice between them was broken, and they conversed after it was over, he took his hat and left the house. She did not see him again until tea-time, after which, he went and spent the evening in his study. Catherine felt the need of the false exposure, and turning again sharply upon her, she demanded in a voice, and with a look that true force of hypocrisy tended.

"I know not, Major Clifton—that as our arrangement must needs be transient—do not, under its influence, let us do, or omit to do, anything that may interfere, unhappily, our real relations with others."

"Are, Mrs. Clifton—"

"Are. The county families have all called upon us. It is high time that we return them, and we must begin to keep up the connection."

"With! Are! Emphatically well thought of, Mercy Clifton!" he snarled.

With a passing look of distress, she said—

"I only fear that our unfortunate intercourse with the neighbors may not be so easily removed, if they have reason to suppose that we treat them with indifference or neglect."

"Absolutely calculated, madam! A counterpoise, but presented itself to your diplomatic wisdom, that never would have occurred to no simpler mind. See, you wish to confirm the impression that we intend to keep up the connection here in the county? Well! the aristocrats of R—— have generally taken you to task, and demonstration that is surprising. But when they have once made up their haughty minds to pardon you, they will be all the more ardent in their laugh then will go. But two may thank your own diplomatic talents for that!"

"Diplomatic talents! What diplomatic talents? So many people have 'thrust' that word upon me, I begin to think that I do possess the value you have given me—the stamps of your name and rank. And I—I do not wish to have it—I wish to be myself—and not a piece of ball!"

"And you really believe what you say?"

"Truly, I do."

"Again the honest so literally, in her truth and simplicity, that he almost tempted to relent. And again the coppliar only made him more stern.

"In a word, madam, what do you wish me to do, for I begin to weary of this discussion, and of your fascinations, for I candidly admit to have no taste and appetite for them, or desire them."

"I only wished to propose to you to take a day and drive around the neighborhood with me, to receive the calls that have been made upon us."

"Very well, madam. I am at your commands to-morrow, be with herself—I desire no further service. When do you propose to go?"

"At your earliest convenience—"

"I will to-morrow morning."

"If you please."

"Concerning—then let it be. And now, Mrs. Clifton, have you any further commands for me?"

"Thank you—no," she answered, very sadly, and turned to leave the room frustrated, cast-lastly, and almost broken hearted. Not a word—not a support, because she was trembling and—Forgive me—and let me speak to you one more word, will you?"

"What is it?"

"It is not material to be misunderstood. Please, do not mistake me in this matter. For myself, I do not care to induce up my support, but for you, and to maintain those family ties and my the ordinary customary social intercourse. I have lived all my life in stirred domestic retirement. I am so used to it that it is natural and agreeable to me. Indeed, I prefer it—but—"

"What is it?"

She was suddenly silent. She walked to and fro in the room in a manner that showed her discomfiture, and at last, with an effort, said,

"I am so unaccustomed to be misunderstood. Please, do not mistake me in this matter. For myself, I do not care to induce up my support, but for you, and to maintain those family ties and my the ordinary customary social intercourse. I have lived all my life in stirred domestic retirement. I am so used to it that it is natural and agreeable to me. Indeed, I prefer it—but—"

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1853.

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THE LEADING LITERARY WEEKLY.

Over THIRTY-ONE years have now elapsed since the SATURDAY EVENING POST began its weekly round of blended instruction and amusement; and never, in all that period, was its success so marked as at the present moment. Possessing undeniably the largest circulation, by many thousands, of any paper of its class in the Union, its subscribers have the best of reasons for believing that it stands upon a permanent basis, and that they will receive the full value of every dollar intrusted to its publishers. In announcing some of our preparations for the coming year, we may begin by stating that arrangements are made with MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, a writer who, in vigor and fertility of genius, is not surpassed by any, even of female, in the Union. MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ is a name which would be considered a sufficient guarantee, in favor of the general popularity of such tales as "The Mob Cap," "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc., also to merited among our contributors.

We shall shortly begin the publication of a story entitled

CLARA MORELAND.

By Emerson Bennett, Author of "Viola," "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," etc.

And at the opening of the ensuing year we design commencing the publication of the following Novelet:

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

By Mrs. Lee Hentz, of Florida. Author of "Eoline," "Linda," "Rena," etc.

This novelet we design following by a story entitled,

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

By Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of Ohio, widely known as the author of some admirably written and very effective household pieces, among others, that you express in your letters.

Also this we expect to be able to commence

THE LOST HEIRESS;

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Author of "Vivia," "Ingomar and Magdalene," "Shannondale," "The Deserted Wife," etc.

In addition to these and other ORIGINAL TALES, involving a large expenditure of money, we shall be here our readers, as heretofore, choice Tales, Sketches, Essays, Narratives, etc., from the English Magazines—such as have given the Post a name for the excellence of its selections.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of engravings we presume at least two weekly—one of an interesting, and the other of a humorous character.

Miscellaneous Matter, Agriculture, Effective, General News, Witty and Humorous Sketches and Anecdotes, Letters from Europe, Editorials, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Puns Now Lost, etc., etc., shall also be duly given.

☞ Of course we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired, of being a strictly moral paper—one ridiculously squeamish and straight-laced, but one by and truly moral—such as may be taken into the family circle without fear. Advertisements of an improper character shall be, as heretofore, rigorously excluded.

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☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the balance of new matter, and our terms,) into a brief notice, shall be entitled to an exchange. by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Webster, by an Intimate Friend.—Mr. Kinchen, of New York, who is said to have been an "intimate friend and confidant" of Mr. Webster, delivered a speech recently, from which we take the following extracts:

Mr. President, it was one of the characteristics of Mr. Webster that he abhorred all alleviation. I take pleasure in saying here, boldly, that the affectation which is possessed by young professional men, of wiping their eyes without preparation, of speaking on the spur of the moment, without previous thought, was an affectation which, all unlike Mr. Webster despised. He never spoke without previous thought. He never spoke without laborious preparation; and, as my venerable and learned friend, who sadly knew him, said, he was industrious and he had. I have often thought, from my long acquaintance with Mr. Webster, that if other men could think as long, and as well, and as profoundly, their public efforts would equal his. For I have never known a man to public who made such preparation for what he had to say before the court, before the Senate, or before the people. He did not think he had any right to offer extemporaneous thoughts before a multitude of his fellow citizens, or to the people who they were. He thought he was to devote himself to his best garments,—that he was to appear and deliver his best thoughts, in his best style, to those who stood to hear him. And because it happens that he always was in the course of his long life, thoughts which were the result of thorough preparation, the public came to understand that what Mr. Webster said was worth reading. Hence, what he did say was read more than the productions of any man who was his compeer in the country. It has proved to me, sir, in my power to make these few remarks, at this time and place, for the benefit of all who hear them.

It must be admitted that Mr. Webster was ambitious. Whether his ambition is to be rebuked among his virtues or his weaknesses, I not for me to say. He was an ambitious man—a very ambitious man—to the last hour of his life. He desired the highest position, and his ambition was to surpass every other man who had been in the same position. He desired to accomplish that result—he labored with great assiduity to effect that result. Whether he has succeeded, posterity will decide. That he labored to fill the highest position in this country, is a fact that cannot be denied. That he thought that position worthy of his ambition, is a fact not to be denied. That he thought he had earned a claim to that position, is a fact not to be denied. And it is a fact not to be denied, that because that claim was not regarded, his days were shortened. Sir, I came not here to-day—to remain any longer than in the night—I would silently decrease the whole of its living to the last of his days. I have thought it due to myself, to my friends, to my country, to my God, to say this much in relation to the character of one who was my friend, who was my benefactor, and who was my instructor. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's constitution shattered for the sake of the cost and trouble of preparing a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The meal is soon eaten and digested, but the trouble, the grievance. The grievance is annual penalty, with which we are clad up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Death should come the paper, and the well behaved should be stopped clear of every particle of its last covering.

It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness. Not long ago a handsome house in London became uninhabitable, as a consequence of paintings which could not endure a mysterious load smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about cause, and all the surmises that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last a cleaner young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, which he ripped open, and a slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down, and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick, stuck together with layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not torture our readers by describing.—*Household Words.*

Clippings.

Rain-shirtful Lawrence.—"Every man Throughout the busy nation Deserves his own self one."
But, surely, there are some!
For I've no hope for my own self, To earn this reputation.

☞ The Charleston Courier says of the literary works of California:—"But little interest attaches to the number just for the week, and the edition, for the most part, lamentably exposing us the booksellers' shelves." The mental remains of Calhoun, as to those of Henry Clay, repose unmarked by any public monument.

☞ Alexander the Great had the idea of perfect wickedness. "That miserable wretch," said Themon of the devil, "he does not know himself."

☞ The ruler of Kossuth, Madame Zedwisky, is belonging boarding house in New York. She eldest son is 17, and was refused a place by work in a carpenter's shop, because he could not speak English. A few days after he was offered an interesting themselves for the family.

☞ In digging a well in Washington recently, a Mr. Watts came across a hard substance of wood, upon digging into it was found to be a perfect model of a fellow citizen, cut out of a hundreds of dollars in gold coins, with rusty and mouldy appearance.—*New York Paper.*

☞ A resident of Leeds supposes the editor of the Galway Vindicator, that he is a very intelligent, a pair of which, in a glass goneside—he'll know—thought a hasty pudding was in the night. would silently decrease the whole of its living to himself, or broken to the face of an advancing force, hater or fool, would arrest its progress by death or penal sin.

☞ Hon. Dr. Duncan For Lord Tray Webster.—The Cincinnati Penn Courier says that "old put-pot" isn't always made into wood stove, and proves it, by the abatement of an extensive distiller that he had taxed ours so heavily that the poor wouldn't consume the slop."

Two Cents not lost by day or night
The second, the last cent, the penny
Thrown away in the street,
Or given to the poor, and not thrown away.

☞ Professor on Poultry.—What sort of people are like a Natchez Trader.—*Ans.* Professor of Medicine.—Oh! a rabbinical lecture of medicine at Mondays, and ask any called meat the rest of the week.

☞ A resident of paltry restrictive has this to say about Gilbert Gurney's Gazette:—"Gurney's Gazette is a little more than two years old, and with Great Britain, in 1852-53, and during that short period the city of New York lost 25,000 inhabitants, and the census of 1855 will show a still greater decrease. Well may we stoop to the despotic control of its native Gurney's Gazette would be a contemptible sheet, and the latter would deal a deliberate in practicing the arts of deception, and a religious examination would be a mockery of our plans. Let us be horrified by the horrors boys, the mere truth and sworn of our population, into measures that we have not sufficiently considered. Let us not be surprised to sanction. Those latter boys and women, first desire," not already made into wood stove, is the habit of loading a great nation like this. It is degraded to the uses of other nations and peoples and character, who could not be the majority of our citizens, to allow it. Whatever may be our own feelings upon the matter, we are compelled from proper deliberation by the idea of the public good, to say that the Gazette is

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
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DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

An Important Case.—The following slave case recently came up before Judge Paine, of New York. Eight colored persons were brought before Judge Paine on *habeas corpus*, granted under the following circumstances: It appeared, from the statement of the petitioner, whose name is Louis Napoleon, that those eight colored persons arrived at New York from Virginia, in the steamer City of Richmond, whence they were taken to a boarding house, No. 3 Carlisle street. It was alleged by their claimant, Jonathan Lemmon, claiming through his wife, Juliet Lemmon, that she had been the owner of the said persons, or their parents, for about four years last past, and she was now on her way to Texas, to which place or State the deponent and his wife are now going for the purpose of taking up a permanent residence for themselves and the said persons above mentioned, who were owned by the said Juliet as her slaves; that the said Juliet is not, (as is alleged) a negro trader; that the said slaves were inherited by her as heir and decendant of Wm. Douglas, late of Bath county, in the State of Virginia; that it was not the intention of the said Juliet to sell the said slaves, as alleged in the petition of the relator. The respondent therefore denied that the said persons were free; but on the contrary, stated that they were slaves, of whom the said Juliet was entitled to the custody and possession.

Of the eight persons, one is a young woman (mulatto) with her infant, and two brothers, 17 and 12 years of age; another young woman, (darker than the other, or nearly black) with her infant, and two little sons (twins) 7 years of age, the latter very light mulattoes. She says the father of the twins is dead. Her second husband (the father of her infant) she says, was sold from her about two years ago. They all belonged, it appears, to the estate of Mr. Douglas, in Alleghany county, Virginia.

On the death of Mr. D. the estate was divided: [illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The official returns are as follows:—Pierce, 199,534; Scott, 179,743; Hale, 8,860; Broome, (N. A.) 1,148. Pierce over Scott, 19,791. Pierce over all, 9,783. Pierce has some 27,000 more votes than Cass in 1848; Scott some 6,000 less than Taylor; and Hale some 2,800 less than Van Buren. The whole vote this year is some 20,000 more than in 1848.

☞ "Tar and feathers!" was the descriptive appellation applied by Mr. Webster to the Whig ticket when the nomination of Scott and Graham was announced to him. His allusion being to Gen. Scott's tall feathers, and Mr. Graham's residence in a State famous for its tar.

A Whig Platform Maker.—Mr. Fairbanks, one of the great "platform scale makers," has been chosen Governor of Vermont, by the Legislature.

A Just Rebuke.—One of the political leaders from Philadelphia visited Gen. Pierce a week or two ago, and was about to lay before him a budget of overwhelming testimony in favor of a particular friend, who is a candidate for executive favor, when he was told by the President elect that he was very glad to see him, but that he had made up his mind not to speak on political subjects for at least three months to come. The rebuke was fully appreciated by the applicant, who returned to this city entirely satisfied that in politics at least, and among the intelligent, it is not always "the early bird that catches the worm," but haste may sometimes be injudicious, as well as indelicate.

Members of Congress Elected.—Congressional elections have been held so far in thirteen States, exclusive of Massachusetts, with the following result:

	Present Congress. Whig.	Dem.	F. S.	New Congress. Whig.	Dem.	F. S.
Florida,	1	0	0	0	1	0
Iowa,	0	2	0	1	1	0
Indiana,	2	8	0	1	10	0
Illinois,	1	6	0	1	8	0
Michigan,	0	3	0	1	3	0
Maine,	2	5	0	4	2	0
Missouri,	1	4	0	2	3	0
New York,	17	17	0	9	22	2
New Jersey,	2	4	0	1	4	0
Ohio,	8	11	2	8	12	1
Pennsylvania,	9	15	0	9	16	0
Vermont,	1	3	0	3	0	0
Wisconsin,	0	3	0	0	3	0
	47	77	2	38	86	3

☞ Col. William R. King, the Vice President elect, has been seriously ill, and confined to his house since his return home, a few weeks since. He resides near Selma, Ala.

The Maine Law in Massachusetts.—The only matters upon which the people of Massachusetts appear to be decided, are the Constitutional Convention, and the sustaining of the Maine law. The latter measure is looked upon as settled. The Maine law will neither be repealed nor modified. The minority must submit with the best grace they can. The Assembly stands, so far as heard from, 98 Whigs and 96 Coalition. The Whigs also have the Senate.

Col. Benton on Conventions, Legislative Borers and Gen. Pierce.—Col. Benton has been making another of his characteristic speeches, in Missouri. The first two of the following extracts are worthy the deep consideration of all parties:

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

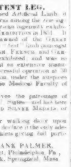
[illegible]

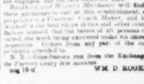
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!!

[illegible]





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We believe we can so conduct this Magazine, that while it will meet the wishes of the lovers of agreeable literature, it shall still impart, in scientific articles, and articles of general utility, information, that will be valuable and desirable to many. In pursuance of this purpose, we shall place under the eyes of our readers not alone articles of high merit, written to order by OUR WELL-KNOWN CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS, but shall draw upon the first literature of the Old World—as success and increased circulation may enable us still further to *increase the number of pages of Graham*—so that we shall present the very best articles that are published abroad, as well as those that are written expressly for us at home. We trust that this effort to extend the usefulness of the Magazine, will be met by that continuance of favor from our readers which has cheered us as editor of the work for more than thirteen years, and that the Magazine whose foundation was laid in 1826 may, in 1853 be among the ablest, as it is the oldest Magazine in America.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—We are compelled to acknowledge, that in our desire to afford every one his due, we must tell our readers that Louis A. Godey, of Philadelphia, publishes for the small sum of $3.00 per annum, one of the neatest and most excellent magazines in our country. The exquisite loveliness of the engravings cannot be surpassed, and though we have often thought that pictures were intended to be looked at by children, yet, upon receiving a number of Godey, the first thing we find ourselves doing is, that we are involuntarily looking for the engravings. But it is not in its engravings alone that its super-excellence consists [illegible]

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THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT EPILEPTIC PILLS will be found, on trial, to be the only effectual remedy for Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and, besides curing Fits, will be of extreme service to all who are laboring under nervous prostration, or any chronic disease. Full directions accompany each box. Price, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5. Persons out of the city, enclosing a remittance, will have the Pills sent them through the mail, *free of postage*. For sale by SETH S. HANCE, [illegible]

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE CORN SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vistas of grape-and-meado of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the cone and thrown
Of chasgeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And trightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its sturdy grew height and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
In soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, rather than the faded gifts,
Apostle shewered of old,
Yet hands the broken grain shall rub
And kneed its meek of gold.

Let vaged silens loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the lavish earth,
And bless our homely girls?

They stamp on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly begins to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain.
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly rest,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly

But let the good ole crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

The Moralist.

SOCIAL SHIPWRECK:

OR,

ROBINSON CRUSOEISM IN COMMON LIFE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

It is wonderfully exciting to read the adventures of a shipwrecked mariner: to find him cast away on a desert island, destitute of everything that before seemed necessary to his very existence; to see him settling himself down to a strange and wasteful form of life, scheming out one thing for another, doing altogether without some other thing, turning essentially from top to bottom of expedient, bending to his will the circumstances that seemed his fate, and at length tastefully himself to the place, and living bravely on, truly and literally the Monarch of all he surveys. The anxiety with which we devote to such details, seems to depend upon some principle in our nature, for a feeling of the same kind is reached by all other narrations of human trade. The picture of calamity would be merely tiresome, were it not for the rebound we expect: we want to see what the unfortunate whose story we follow will do; by what steps he will try to reascend, or by what expedients he will make for himself a new world in the depths to which he has fallen. This principle is known to the skilful novelist, and he is the most successful who knows it best. It is to the complete gratification afforded to the musical sympathy referred to—the sympathy, not with calamity, but with struggle—that Robinson Crusoe owes in its distinction as the most universally popular of all works of fiction: for although the facts of the narrative had probably never any actual existence, they were rendered so by the instinctive[illegible] received in the component parts of a thing eminently true to nature.

But in actual life the Robinson Crusoes are few, and the shipwrecked mariners many. The *mass* of circumstances, when they find themselves separated from their kind, their comforts, their necessaries, yield, after a few feeble efforts, or without effort at all, to what is called their fate, and die of cold, or hunger, or despair. Thousands upon thousands are cast away. They part on from the earth like shadows, or, if our eye follows them for a moment till the view is lost in the crowding incidents of life, we look upon them as the victims of unavoidable and irremediable circumstances, and we turn calmly away. But it would be well to examine this notion. . . . the contrast the victim with the voyager, and inquire whether the traits of circumstances really differed in these several cases; and as to ascertain the share individual character may have had in the result. Let us, by all means, continue to pity the victims, whether we find their bones lime-long in the desert, or stowed on the shelter by the tide, but it may be suspected that we ought to pity them less for the hardness of the fate than for the weakness which could be subdued it. A fresh study of that word, that history in the struggle of the human race with destiny. Even so, we think, in the history of individuals.

Look abroad into ordinary life, and examine the condition of its castaways. Into Hyde's self alone in the crowd of mankind, with wind and tide against him, surrounded by influences like evil spirits, the earth dry and hunger-sodar his foot, and the heavens black with thunder above his head. He has no companion, no physical strength, only ordinary talent; but he has nerve and will: he can plod when necessary; he can stoop or clutch as the time demands; he can eat a new path when he loses the old one: and so, step by step, he gets on to the gallant Crusoe—till he has conquered circumstance and reached a secure shelter. Another man: but here we must speak of circles and classes, for inherently effects whole majority of society at once. A certain branch of industry, we shall say—agriculture, handloom weaving, anything—is struck with decay, and its followers times out of employment. What course do the unfortunates take? They sit down and starve their fate: they appeal to the sympathy of their more successful brethren: they implore the government for relief: support and relation, they starve in a body, or drift into the workhouse. In such circumstances, must no doubt exist of the obvious expedient of changing their locality, the use of changing their employment. They are rooted to the soil as a plant, when the work they have been accustomed to is no longer existed, the cross, the hands, and so they remain, and wither, and decay, and die. Thus when the loop business was at an end, the South Shaldonites sat down, their helpless hunger, till they were swept away with a broom out of hand-loom existence. Yet what Monk has done for his Tipton-loop—a cargo scale, with impressive machinery, and hated labor, might have been done by each of them on a small scale, without expense, and with his own adroit. An intense hunger is to be resisted by determined men from the whole week to Sunday, and the new scene would supply a large proportion. What has prevented, however, was merely to pass up each shelf for as the nature chanced to direct at their feet, and hold out their lean hands for national charity.

As we ascend in society, a similar spectacle presents itself. All ranks and professions, with one exception, are crowded with cases well deserving individuals, who never cease to consider the ground, and obstruct the progress of others. Whatever be the exercise, a man would be lost if it necessary to study by his employment and his station, even if he started in the line, and expires pity or reliance is not either. He will be sure that he has sufficient objection: that he has been thrown into many circumstances of a kind that he must disengage himself from in time of half and prejudices, and construct anew his science of life. He is one of a tribe, and must stand or fall by his profession and his order. He has not all percentages of his own individuality, and is not adroit to take a single step that is not post-ridden by custom and example. But, independently of the Robinson Crusoes, and the vast many such classes of contemplations achieves their freedom while intending to bring their end into. They emigrate to a new country, and find themselves actually in a state of mind—as soon as in the wilderness—where it is necessary to use at whatever supplement offers the means of subsistence—be raised to the rank of shifts and expedients, and to submit cheerfully to the imputation of things they had in country have reckoned necessaries of life. The change is found to be conducive to vigor both of mind and body. The indolent become active, the delicate strong. Neither the physical nor moral constitution is easily injured, except by the influence of artificial life. A man who dares and set up as open window for fear of the draught of air, if thrown upon a rock in the sea—exposed for days and nights to all the winds that blow, wet, cold, and starving—sustains no injury. Persons in this situation, or similar ones, have remarked over and over again with astonishment, that they were never in better health in their lives!

The beneficial effect of emigration on the character and habits of the lacustrol of Ireland, is sufficient to indicate the cause of many of the great evils of social life at home. People will not recognise the fact, that they are captives-ay of destiny, and require its scruples as well as care for a subsistence. They like to read of the struggles of the Robinson Crusoes, but never think of imitating them. They have not imagination enough to see the analogy between such positions and their own; and it is not till they actually find themselves in some far-away forest, that the slumbering energies of their character are awakened. Then they have nothing to lean upon but their industry—nothing to look to but their ingenuity. Expedients must take the place of habits; necessity must be their ice instead of prescription; the choice of an occupation is open alike among the lowest as among the highest—drop from their limbs, and the same time they are the children of the slaves and beggar. This consummation, however, is not the terrestrial result. Even in emigration what increase, although to a large extent, the number of Crusoes, and there is still a portion of the people who are left to sink or to helplessly as we used. But at home, the half of the people are in this condition; they have not the capacity to resolution, which are the stepping-stones of progress. A romantic trad-man, who one thing fails, tries another; who one process is found tedious or expensive, he has recourse to another; and in the manner the whole of society is on the move onward and upward. But the movers are not the mass: they are the stirring spirits of the time, at whose standards new battalions daily come contributingly, grumbling when their own occupation is thrown, and not joining the ranks but to themselves, but to their neighbors, their superiors, their rulers.

Sometime ago a correspondent of ours, struck apparently with the true cause of the evil—the tyranny of conventional feeling—deprecated the emigration of those classes supposed to be the most plentifully subjected to it, without having previously made a trial of their energies. He proposed that every "genteel" family, before setting their faces permanently and looking for one, should establish themselves for a time in some solitary district of their own county, remote from the comforts and conveniences of life, and try whether their industry and ingenuity were of an available kind. He seemed to be of opinion that in most cases the experiment would fail, and that the sense of the existence of the people into the wilderness beyond seas would be prevented. We are of the same opinion, only we do not think either the experiment fair or the result desirable. The very atmosphere of our country is pre-aided by a conventional code, which as is proved by what passes every day before our eyes cannot be counteracted by mere external circumstances. The family in question would feel themselves to be only amateur Crusoes. They would be daunted by their ideal fate, and were surrounded, at a distance of only a day or two's journey, by the genteel society of which they had formed a part; and, above all, they would have the consciousness perpetually before their eyes of being able to withdraw from the adventure as soon as they lost heart. This last consideration is of itself all but fatal. The most resolute emergency and straightest determination is effectually as the knowledge that we are free. Imprisonment for life is a thing to be endured; but put penalty steps in mere sub till the respite is over, and the prisoner will find a never sore of completing the last till he has.

Surge is so far that should be made so more.

Returning we s ar odious as good.

The family, therefore, might fail in their experiment, and, on the whole, be unfit to struggle with the difficulties of the wilderness.

The lamentations of the day, though full of a true German spirit philosophic, would not be of much service to society as a general principle. They ignore a distinction that has its source in nature between the classes they design to benefit and themselves, legislating for their progress as if they were all of a uniform character. We know that a very large part of the population look askance with their fellows. . . . Now—but it is an indispensable condition of all civilised society. They have their own ideas of what is genteel, and scarcely fail of vulnerable, that work of perfection kinds is constantly shifting its place, you can never attach to anything. The very idea of gentility is not to be found in any two persons, or even in any two families. Its standard is in the air, and it is to be met with only in the crowding incidents of life. We look upon them as the victims of unavoidable and irremediable circumstances, and we turn calmly away. But it would be well to examine this notion. . . . the contrast the victim with the voyager, and inquire whether the traits of circumstances really differed in these several cases; and as to ascertain the share individual character may have had in the result. Let us, by all means, continue to pity the victims, whether we find their bones lime-long in the desert, or stowed on the shelter by the tide, but it may be suspected that we ought to pity them less for the hardness of the fate than for the weakness which could be subdued it. A fresh study of that word, that history in the struggle of the human race with destiny. Even so, we think, in the history of individuals.

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Wit and Humor.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

BY SOPHIA.

Why seem the fair the "weaker sex?"
(A foul aspersion, falsely cast!)
Behold, what wonderful contrivances,
How bravely they can hide the blast!

"Lord of creation," lower thy crest!
Never as you may—do what you can—
Woman, with all her thoughts evident,
Must still be *double sex*, O man!

MR. WEBSTER AND THE FARMER.—The New York Times relates the following anecdote of Mr. Webster:

Some years since Mr. Webster started off from Marshfield on a trouting expedition to Sandwich, a neighboring town on Cape Cod. On approaching a fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then he met the owner of the farm, whose stream ran through it. "Good morning," says Webster, "is there any trout from?" "Well," says the farmer, "some people fish here, but I don't know what they do get." "I'll throw my line in," says Webster, "and see what there is."

Webster walked the banks of the stream trying his luck, and the old farmer followed his movements. Soon Webster remarked, "You have some big stones here." "Yes," said a mile to two miles of 'em in the worst of it." Fishing still further along, Webster says, "You seem to have plenty of rocks about here." "Yes," says the farmer, "I don't know what they do get." Webster still kept on throwing in his line deep pools, and at last he came to "You have plenty of bitters here." "Yes," says the farmer, "and that ain't the worst of it." Mr. Webster, getting somewhat disgusted, began to move off, when the farmer, seeing that he was going, called out, "Hello, mister, you've forgot your fish!" "Fishes, me, indeed!" said Webster, "I've been fishing for the last two hours, and I've got no bite." "Why, mister," said the farmer, "I've been a-watchin' you, and I see you've got a fish on every time you throw in your line."

City Scenes.

A COMPROMISE.

MODERATOR.—"I see by your influential paper that you, sir, feel greatly interested in the conversion of the benighted children of Judea; I have, therefore, taken the liberty of calling upon you to solicit a subscription for our Society, which has for its object the reclaiming of that unfortunate race."

CAPTAIN JOE.—"Upon my word I should be most delighted to render you any service in my power, but I'm not in a position at present to assist you with any—any—in fact money—but I tell you what I will do, if you will send me a Jew I will try to convert him."

Selected Articles.

THE THIMBLE-RIGGER.

An English correspondent of the Christian Ambassador gives the following as one of his "experiences:"

Around the base of the great rock on which Stirling Castle is erected, but still at a distance considerably above the plain, there is a long, and very irregular graded walk. It is a favorite promenade of citizens and visitors—and deservedly so, for finer scenery, embracing fruitful field, precipitous crag, winding river, and lofty mountain in the distance, was never beheld than is viewed from the Westerly and Northerly section of the walk.

After passing a rapid curve in that pedestrian gallery, we saw a group of frog-gentlemen a few rods in advance of us, collected in a ring, and, to an invalid who was seated on the ground, with his back against the wall. We had but the Leville's choice of "passing by on the other side," even had we been disposed to avoid participation in the work of humanity.

On closer approach, we perceived that the seated invalid was not an invalid, but a Thimble-Rigger, who was adroitly arranging the gratuitous into the "toss and gain!" especially the "toss" portion of the gentleman's scheme. The first cast, then, about the diameter of a thimble, and ball about the size of a small pea. Upon which of the cups is the ball? was the question.

We had frequently heard of the game as one of the most vexatious ways by which excited men swindle a living out of "green horns," but had never had the word in operation. Curiously enough, and partly sympathy with a young man who was sadly in the losing line, induced us to stop and watch the family. The old man, a young man was speedily taken free pounds, which he backed against the wall. We had but the Leville's choice of "passing by on the other side," even had we been disposed to avoid participation in the work of humanity